FITNESS OF ONE O' THE FINEST

The Mayor and Law and Order League Quarreling Over Officer Smith.

END OF THE TROUBLE NOT YET.

Sad Death of the Daughter of a Prosperous Farmer-A Race Probable Between the Fitzgeralds and Thurstons.

IFROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.I Mayor Burr and Secretary Lewis of the Law and Order league are having a lively correspondence over the fitness of Officer Smith to remain on the police force. Smith is what the Hibernians would call a "broth of a boy," with an admiring eye for pretty women, and some of his adventures caused the league to prefer charges to the mayor and council against his personal character. The council at its last regular meeting having retused to consider these charges, Mayor Burr wrote to Secretary Lewis demand-ing that they be withdrawn. In his letter the mayor asserts that he assisted to organize the league and is in sympathy with its purpose. The charges against Smith, however, referred to old transgressions, of which he had repented and avoided repetition. The American people, Mr. Burr said, had forgiven Cleveland, and he thought he could afford to forgive Smith, especially as the latter is an efficient officer and conducts himself in a becoming manner. He told the league this when it asked for Smith's discharge last month, and expresses astonishment that instead of accepting his statement Secretary Lewis should present charges against Smith to the council for the purpose of bulldozing him into dismissing the officer. The mayor closes by saying that he emphatically declines to be buildozed by any league or thing, and demands a withdrawal of the charges. Mr. Lewis, in reply, tells the mayor that he has mistaken the facts, and that so far from attempting to bulldoze him, the league merely desires to try Smith before the council and get at the truth of the current rumors about him. The inclosed paragraph of Mr. Lewis' letter is very spicy. He says; "You will understand me, therefore, as positively refusing to withdraw the charges, not-withstanding the consequences which you have verbally intimated to Mr. Sawyer and me as certain to follow such refusal."

workied to Hollow Stell Prices.

Late Saturday afternoon Alice Flannery, the daughter of a prosperous farmer at Hickman, in this county, died at the Home for the Friendless in the pangs of childbirth. The woman's dying story, as given in the presence of six or sever witnesses, is that about eight years ago, when her maiden name was Alice Burcham, she married one Flannery, by whom she had three children. About twelve months ago Mrs. Flannery and her husband separated, and she came to Lincoln to labor for the support of her-self and children. In June she became acquainted with a worthless chap named William McNair, and that on the 24th of that month he drugged and outraged her. In time she found herself in a delicate condition, but dreading the shame to her relatives and children refrained from saying anything about the matter to parents, to whose home she rned. Wednesday Mrs. Flannery came to Lincoln on business, and while here was taken sick. Going to the Howard house she waited until Thursday, when, realizing that the dreaded hour had come, she sked to be sent to the Home for the Friendless, which was done. After fortysight hours of agony she died, making the statement in her last moments as

The man McNair, whom the woman accuses of this horrible crime, is a disreputable scamp on whom the police have long had a watch.

A HOSE RACE PROBABLE.

An Omaha gentleman now in the city, who is very intimate with the controlling spirits of the Thurston hose team, says the challenge put out by Manager Hohmann of the Fitzgeralds, for a 300-yard race, for from \$500 to \$1,000, will undoubtedly be accepted. According to only prize in the 300-yard race there was the empty title of "Champions of the World." When the Fitzgerald team appeared on the track with their skeleton hose a protest was entered by the Thurstons on the ground that it was not "serviceable hose" within the meaning of the rules governing the tournament. The judges allowed both teams to start, and after the race, made the announcement that they had handicapped the Fitz geralds five seconds on account of the lightness and quality of the hose com-plained of. As there was only three sec-onds difference in the time of the rival companies, the Thurston's claim the race by two seconds. It is the opinion of some gentlemen that the two teams are very evenly matched so far as speed is concerned, but that in a race where both carry full weight the Thurstons would have the best show of winning because they are larger and more powerful men

DOWNER'S LONG TRAMP. A travel-stained but respectable look ing man of about 50 years was a guest at police headquarters on his own invitation Saturday night, occupying a bunking place on one of the luxurious boot box settees with which Marshal Beach has furnished the room. The stranger gave his name as Charles P. Downer, and said he was a seaman by calling, a statement to which his sea-bronzed complexion and tattooed hands and arms gave credence Downer said that on the 22nd of January a merchant vessel, on which he was one of the crew, was wrecked on the coast of Maine and he was thrown ashore barely alive. When able to trayel he managed to make his way to Buffalo, where he expected to find a remittance from his family, to whom he had written of his condition. Not hearing from them there Downer took the tie route to Chicago and from there come on west afoot to within ninety miles of Council Bluffs, where some old soldiers, after hearing his story, procured him transportation to Lincoln. He reached this place Saturday night, having made the 1,900 miles in six weeks. Downer says that his family, consisting of his wife, one daughter and three boys, have a snug farm about three miles from Hastings, and that it is to that point he is traveling. The police force and reporters who heard his story "chipped in" liberally and started him off yesterday, quite willing to take chances on having been confidenced "chipped in" liberally an by an impecunious tramp with a vivid imagination.

DROWNED IN THE PLATTE. Friday afternoon while the section men were repairing the break at the south end of the B. & M. bridge across the Platte at Oreapolis, Roy Kimball and a number of boy friends came down from La Platte to watch them. The boys walked over the long trestle in safety, and after looking at the work for a while Roy and another lad started for home, going along the six-inch stringer on the outer edge of the ties at a dog trot. When nearly half way across Roy nearly half way across Roy was seen to stub his toe against some ob struction, probably a spike, and made a wiid plunge head first into the river. He struggled hard for a time to get out, but the fierce current overcame his strength, and before the section men could do anything to help him his body had been swept away to the Missouri. Roy was

about 12 years old, and a likely, promis-

BRIEF MENTION.

The Geneva Building association, the promoters of which are J. M. Fellebrown, J. M. Fisher, T. Wilkins, W. S. Haston and J. D. Spear, has been incorporated. The capital is \$200,000.

The original bonds issued by the city of Lincoln in aid of the Lincoln & Northwestern railway, amounting to \$25,000.

western railway, amounting to \$25,000, have been sent in to Auditor Babcock for registration. This formality complied with, all objection to the registry of the refunding bonds will probably be with-

The doors of the state house are to be locked hereafter on Sundays, and spooning couples will have to seek some other

trysting place.

The statement made in the BEE some weeks ago that Mr. J. C. Bonnell had sold his property in this city and intended emigrating to some eastern town, was vigorously denied by that gentleman and his friends through the local press. It is now authoritatively announced by that same press that Mr. Bonnell has decided upon making his home in Burlington,

Miss May Young, of Portland, Me who came to Lincoln a few days ago on a visit, will remain here and take a course of study at the state university.

Fire Warden Newberry now swings a handsome nickel-plated lantern, a gift from friends about the county offices.

The house of Mrs. L. E. Brown, at 320 South Twelfth street, was entered by burglars Saturday night while the family were at church and rifled of a number of small articles.

A gang of confidence men have taken up their quarters in this city, and are working the trains for all they are worth. The Missouri Pacific right-of-way through Laneaster county, outside of the city limits, will cost the company \$15,235.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

James Bond had reached the mature age of forty when the casual smile of a woman changed the whole tenor of his existence. He met her in Westbourne grove one autumn afternoon, and though she smiled not at him, but at an old crossing-sweeper who was thanking her with excessive volubility for a sixpence, yet her beautiful face was so charged with sweetness that there arose within him a new sensation which he could not

"Can this be love?" he asked himself, gazing earnestly after the graceful figure disappearing around the corner. "Pshaw! it is absurb. I don't even know her name."

He continued his walk more slowly toward Kensington gardens, where he was accustomed to go for his daily con-

"What is love?" he proceeded. "Unity -the dovetailing of angles-the meeting of extremes; therefore dependent upon the logical faculties which alone can classify, separate and unite. Conse-quently without thorough knowledge love is impossible. Yet her smile was sweet-yes, it certainly was very sweet.' At the thought of that exquisite vision the dull gray eyes brightened and the sallow, careworn face wore a peculiarly soft expression.

Bond rented lodgings-dingy rooms, littered with books and papers, from which his landlady was forbidden to remove the dust. He was seldom there, how-ever, for he lived in dreams, the con-struction of which occupied most of his time, to the exclusion of more solid work. Why should he work? He himself did not see the need, for the proceeds of a fellowship supplied him with food and books. If his clothes were shabby it was from want of thought rather than from want of means. A tall, gaunt, black-bearded man, with rounded shoulders, he went about like a scarecrow, a most tempting object for the small boys in the neighborhood to pelt with jokes and orange peel.

orange peel.

Walking homeward through a back street he met a number of them just turned loose from a board school. They were engaged in tormenting a cat held firmly by a string round its neck. At another time Bond would have gone swiftly by, auxious only to escape to peace and quietness, but now it was different— why, he could not tell. Some causes are too subtle for analysis.
"My good children," he said, advanc-

ervously, "you shouldn't do that, you know.' They turned and faced him, a dubious group ready to assail or flee, according as he showed weakness or strength.

"Why do you beat the unfortunate animal?" he pursued. "Cos it's mine," replied the red headed

young mehin who held the string. 'Highly illogical, my boy.', "Findin's is keepin's, you know, gov-'nor. Master wallops me, so I wallops

my cat."
"Human, no doubt, but the humane,"
said Bond, with a smile. "Will you sell They opened their eyes and grinned at

each other. After a pause the young spokesman demanded: "I say, gov nor, what will you give?"
"Ten shillings. See, here they are. Is that enough?"

Needless to say, the bargain was struck on the spot. Bond paid the money, put the cat under his arm and walked off, followed by yells of laughter. In his threadbare clothes he certainly looked an ungainly figure at any time, but the struggles of the sleek and handsome tabby to free herself from his embrace made him a more than usually remark-

made him a more than usually remarkable object.

"Now why did I buy this creature?" he asked himself. "Was a hatred of cruelty the sole motive? No; each act is the resultant of two or more forces. Though the comparison may be carried too far, the cat haturally suggests woman; she is the old maid's companion; why not the old bachelor's as well? I am lonely. There we get to the bottom of the matter—selfishness under the guise of beneficence. Not quite the bottom, however; why more lonely to-day tom, however; why more lonely to-day than yesterday? But stay; only a fool searches for first causes. Ah, yes; her smile was very sweet."

Though the weather was by no means cold he had a fire lighted in his sitting room, in order that his new pet should enjoy the cheerful blaze. Abundantly provided with milk, the cat soon made itself quite at home. Her master, after silently contemplating her for a few minutes, let his thoughts wander away into

the realms of fancy.

He had already given a name to the
Fair Unknown and that name was Eulalia-the prettiest one he could think of. He depicted her in her home sur-rounded by smiling faces-father, mother, sisters, brothers—all uniting to render homage to the beautiful Eulalie, and then he saw her in another home no less happy, himself her vis-a-vis and her sole adhimself her vis-a-vis and her sole ad-mirer. Some how or other the cat purring on the hearth rug at his feet seemed to be a link between them. It was absurd, no doubt; he tried to struggle back into a more rational mood, but all in vain, he seemed to have drifted into another sphere in which reason was un-

known. Next morning Bond went out into the grove again. He was out of sorts, he he told himself, and wanted a walk badly. And yet he lingered among the shops, and looked absently into the windows, and with furtive anxiety at the passers-by. But of a sudden he turned scarlet, for one on the other side of the street was Eulalie-a queenly women, tall and stately, charmingly dressed, with a fringe of dainty little brown curls on her

across the counter and flattened the astonished youth againt the shelves beforehead and a face like an angel's. People turned to look at her as she went by; had they bowed down before her Bond would scarcely have felt surprised. She was

attended by a couple of handsome men-one deferential, the other more observant of the sights around. Her brothers, commented Bond, who had squeezed truth, this gaunt creature with the flamtruth, this gaunt creature with the flam-ing eyes looked violent enough for any-thing. Amid a general clamor for the police the proprietor of the shop fortu-nately appeared upon the scene. He was not going to have a fuss made there, he said, so Bond was hustled into the street. He turned when he got clear of commented Bond, who had squeezed himself into a doorway and peeped timidly at her over the bonnets of two elderly ladies. As each passing cab momentarily shut her out from his sight his breath came fast and thick; he almost feared lest he should never behold her the same her outer a should her

again. He saw her enter a shop and presently come out again. Quite unconscious of the existence of her shabby admirer, she proceeded on her way and soon disappeared in the crowd. Then, with the desperate courage which is perhaps most common in timid men, Bond plunged into the shop and asked the assistant her name.

"You mean the lady who was looking at these gloves?" inquired the dapper youth, pausing in his task of returning to the box in order to stare with evident amusement at his questioner.

"The lady!" repeated Bond, absently There was but one in the whole world for him. "Yes, yes, of course." "I don't know her name, sir."

Bond looked disappointed. But seeing pair of gloves which had just been What was this strange thrill that went through and through him? "The touch of a vanished hand?" Sympathy? Surely he was traveling the road of knowledge. These will do very nicely."
"They are ladies', sir," suggested the

assistant. "Oh, they'll do. My hands are not large."
He blushed as he spoke, for they were

"Shall I put them in paper, sir?"
"Paper! Yes, wrap them up carefully.
Gloves are apt to be soiled in the pocket." It was not a very rational act he had just committed, and yet he contrived to cover it neatly with little pretenses and so disguise its real purport. Was not he a student of human nature? and was not the hand an index to character? and was Here, then, he was starting at the beginning of things, as became a sound philosopher. So, for the purpose of his study, he laid the gloves on the table before him and riveted his gaze upon them. He even pressed them passionately to his lips, an act that made him blush as leeply as if Eulalie herself had witnessed t. Had not she touched them? and ah! what a sweet smile she had! Logic could

During the ensuing fortnight Bond went out every morning in the hope of getting a brief glimpse of the charming Eulalie, and, when successful, returned brimful of happiness. The rest of the day he invaribly spent in building castles, constructing new settings for his gem. It was a delightful occupation, gem. It was a delightful occupation, this continual intercourse with his divinity. Though she knew him not, probably had never even seen him, they two lived an ideal life together. Wherever she went this shabby bookworm whom, it may be, she would not have deigned to notice, accompanied her in fancy; he dined, walked, talked and laughed with her; he invested her with every virtue set her in a perfect bone. every virtue, set her in a perfect home and provided her with every comfort, contented himself to be her devoted slave

not fathom that, but he recognized its

truth, nevertheless.

and minister to her wants.

In accordance with this theory Bond attributed to Eulalie qualities the very opposite of his own, or rather what he supposed to be his own, for he set a very humble value upon himself. He made her out to be all that is pure and lovely. "She is generous," he said; "did she not give sixpence to a crossing sweeper? I never gave sixpence to a crossing sweep-er in my life. My temper is vile, hers is sweetness itself. Did I not see her smile? She is the most beautiful woman in the world. I am the incarnation of ugliness. He looked in the glass and saw it was true. And so he had no difficulty in onstructing his golden in which he, a vile creature of clay, meekly bowed his head and did obeisance. There was a strange pathos in the love

of this solitary student for an unknown woman, whose influence, unconsciously exerted, had gone far be ond the limits of her personal acquaintance. Had it done nothing else it would have raised him above the dreary level which he bad so long occupied, but it presently took a more practical turn. When he beheld his cheerless room, the cat the only homely thing in it, and thought of that perfect home of his fancy, there flashed into his mind the question, Where is the money to come from and what am I, to aspire to such as she, even if I had the money? This thought fell upon him like

money? This thought fell upon him like a thunderclap; it threw him into a stupor out of which he emerged trembling.

Awakened to the reality of his dream, the strong man girded up his loins and put forth the strength which had hitherto laid dormant. Though he could not forego the pleasure of seeing Eulalie every day if possible, the afternoons and evenings were henceforth devoted to work. Many years before he had begun to write a book, which he had not the ento write a book, which he had not the energy to finish. He now took it up again and worked at it day and night. Fame and fortune opened out before him. Useless before, they had now become price less, for did they not lead to-how the blood coursed through his veins at the thought-Eulalie!

Dissatisfied with the condition of his rooms, he had them swept. So, much to the landlady's surprise and delight, the dust cleared away, the furniture put in order, and a tolerable air of comfort restored. It was by no means the per-fect home he had depicted, but it was, at

feet home he had depicted, but it was, at any rate, one step nearer.

The cat—that subtle bond of union between him and her—had grown quite friendly. As he wrote she often sat on the table and blinked wonderingly at the round-shouldered scholar bending over his desk, his sallow face flushed with his exertions and his dull eyes brightening as his pen faced over the paper. The pile by his side, small at first, daily grew in magnitude, and the book upon which

in magnitude, and the book upon whice so much depended was nearly tinished. But about this time a dreadful uneasiness seized upon him. He had not seen Eulalie for a fortnight. When the fortnight grew into a month, and the month into two, he became so alarmed he could work no longer. Vainly he attempted to altay his fears by assuming that she had gone out of town an a visit; he felt that he must see her and so satisfy himself that she was not merely a creature of his imagination. Roaming the streets day after day he searched for his unknown love, but found her not; she had vanished from his life as mysteriously as she had

come into it. At length, in despair, he again entered the shop where he had asked her name. He had seen her there many times since. The same dapper assistant was arranging gloves in a box and the whole scene was so exactly the same that Bond paused in bewilderment, half inclined to think the past few months a dream. Advancing to

the counter, he stammered out:
"Have you seen her lately? The lady?
What are you staring at? You know who 'Seen her!" exclaimed the assistant with a flash of remembrance. The lady! Oh, ah, that's a good joke." He ended with a most objectionable laugh.
"A good joke," said Bond absently.
"I don't understand you."

"You read the papers, I suppose, sir." I don't; speak plainly, man."
"The lady"—he grinned as he spoke-"has just been tried for obtaining goods under false pretences." "You lie, you cur," shouted Bond. Quick as lightning his clinched fist shot

"Tried, poor thing!" he shouted back.
"But she was acquitted. I swear she was

"She was guilty, though," cried the assistant, viciously shaking his fist from the doorway.
"Pure and sweet and beautiful—"

"Guilty, or I'll eat my hat."
"Shut up, you idiot," cried the proprietor, and shaking the youth by the shoulders, he pushed him back into the shop.

Bond scarcely knew how he got back to his room. His pile of manuscripts lay on the table; the cat sat purring before the fire; everything was precisely as he had left it. But oh! how different it all seemed. He dropped into a chair and the veins stood out in his pale forehead, and his hands worded convulsively. Eulalie in a felon's dock. Could men be

so mad, so cruel, so unjust? It was im-One solitary idea now took possession of him-to find Eulalie, though with what object he did not determine. By a strange chance he met her in the street next day; met and scarcely recognized her. Moving swiftly and stealthily along, of if she feared to be seen with her hair in disorder, her face no longer touched by that art to which it had largely owed its beauty, and her dress old and slovenly she was indeed dreadfully changed. Bond started back when he saw her, his face deadly white: he pressed his hands to his heart, it gave suce a painful throb; he could scarcely believe his own eyes.

His earnest gaze seemed to discompose her, for she dropped a faded old umbrella in the mud, whereupon he rushed forward, picked it up and handed it to thanks, a scowl being all she gave him. Then she hurried away, leaving him in pained bewilderment. He could only re-peat over and over again, "Her smile

"A bad un, sir," said a policeman who had been watching this little scene, "a regular bad un." He winked in the direction of the retreating woman.

But Bond was already out of earshot. hurrying after her in obedience to an ir-resistable impulse, to offer her all he had, yearning to tell his love and acquire the right to protect her. Though his ideal

was little more than a memory the woman remained and in his eyes she was still beautiful. With her by his side he cared not what the world said. Never had his love been stronger than it was at this moment. But though he dived down one obscure street after another he could not find her. And at length, murmurning to himself, "Ah, yes, her smile was very sweet,"

wearily dragged himself back to his lodging.
Once again and for the last time, he saw her. It was on the following afternoon. He was sitting at the open window, absently caressing the cat upon his lap, when she happened to pass by at the opposite side of the street. Looking up at the window she suddenly stopped and stared. Before he had recovered from his surprise she stretched out her arms "Oh, my pussie! Nell, Nell, won't you

The cat sprang through the window and crossed the street in less time than it takes to write the words. There could scarcely be a doubt about the ownership. The animal, with arched back and straightened tail, was delightedly rubbing itself against her shabby dress and she was bending down, talking to it as if it were her child.

Bond was not slow to grasp the situa-tion. He rose hastily to explain the cir-cumstances under which he had bought the cat from the lad, whom he had believed to be the rightful owner. trembling in every limb, for had not his opportunity come at last, as some one has said it always will come to the who waits? Blundering down the stairs he whispered to himself: "Even the cat loves her and she loves it. I knew she was good and pure and lovely."
"I must apologize," he began, advancing awkwardly, Miss-Miss-"
"Mrs. Travers," she said, rather de-

inally.
"Mistrees," he gasped, staggering back. Then she was a married woman. This thought affected him even more painfully than the one that followed it.

Sometime before he had read in the paper a charge of swindling brought against a Mrs Trayers, described as a member of a gang of fashionable sharpers. "Then you are a widow,' he cried, with startling energy. "Oh, in pity's sake say you are a widow." She laughed scornfully. Pointing to a seedy-tooking individual who was approaching, she said:

"Here comes my husband. Now, pray,

what have you to say against me? Just say it right out before him, it you dare." Poor Bond slunk away to his darkened room. His dream was over; his life was spent. He relapsed into his old bookworm habits, wore clothes as ancient a ever, and, to the despair of his landlady renewed his edict against dusting. The life had gone out of him, and three years after strangers carried him to his rest in Kensal Green, his landlady the only mourner. A plain tombstone marks the spot where he sleeps, dreaming perhaps some happier dream, with a loftier ideal, which the world can never tarnish nor can time destroy.

The farmer tired with overwork blesses the great pain cure,-St. Jacobs Oil.

Marriage Licenses. The following matrimonial candidates have made application to enter into the better or worse state," for the week

ending March 20th: On the 15th-Wm. H. Cowdey and Minnie Scherrer. March 16-Michael J. Klenk and Au-

gusta Klatt, Fritz H. Soll and Wilhelmina Watkin, Otto Bader and Lena Gut-March 17-Jas. Peter Palen and Chris tina Sundberg, Anton Jensen and Mary Hansen, Peter J. Delaney and Kate Schal-

March 18—George Jeffrey and Mattie B. McGray, Alphonzo Small and Mrs. Mollie Gelbhardt, Mollie Geibhardt.

March 19—Andrew Jensen and Sisel
Hansen, Ed Haberstrobe and Martha
Franke, Hans Peterson and Anna Rasiner, Will Nixon and Rosa Gottenbing.

Lost and Found. As a lady was about to step on the

platform of the overland Union Pacific train yesterday she discovered that she had lost her pocketbook containing all her money, a ticket to San Francisco and her trunk checks. She informed Depot Policeman Duff Green that she had been robbed, and the officer immediately began a search for the thicf. While looking about the depot, he was accosted by a brakeman who asked if he had seen anybody who had lost a pocketbook, as he had picked one up a few minutes before. The one found by the brakeman proved to be the lady's, and she went on her way rejoicing. rejoicing.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria When she became Miss, she clung to Castoris, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

THE MISSOURI'S MURKY BED.

Its Periodic Changes Transfers Farms from One State to Another.

Singular Vicissitudes of a Family and a River Bank Farm-From Nebraska to lowa and Back Again.

Washington Republican: Whatever soil is washed up on a shore of the old Missouri river belongs by law to the owner of the shore. Sometimes a whole farm gradually changes hands by crossing the wicked river in solution. Then the surveyors put a little crook in the Missouri on the map and say that it has shifted its course.

Mai Dugro Buckhinge was born on a little farm not far below Omaha, and the pretty white farm house in which he first saw light was not over 500 feet from the river. Until two years ago the major had lived happily on the farm. His father and mother were buried on the side of a hill close by, and he could see the red roof of the school where morality and modern ideas were whacked into him from his doorstep. When the major was not out in his cornfield swearing at the

hired man, he was at home reading the bible or playing with his wife and little ones. He was rough, but he was good. When he was at home he complained that the Missouri was the crookedest and the dirtiest and the snaggiest stream in ereation, but when he paid a visit to New York he knocked a man down and jumped on his chest for denying that it was the most glorious waterway in the world. On Sundays the major taught in the Sunday school near his place.

It was two years ago that the river be gan to wash away the farm and cast up the soil on the opposite shore, which be longed to Lawyer Deeming, of New York The major had not lived there all his life not to know what that meant. Each week a foot or two of land was gone. Then the water seemed to double its thievish energy, and as it undermined the soil sometimes ten feet would cave in at once and disappear. The major's farm was a long, narrow strip of land, and before a year had passed there was nothing left but the house and about thirty feet of the farm.

The major knew nothing about law, but he had a very long head. One day he fastened ropes around his house hired all the horses in the neighborhood and had his house hauled out in the stream. His wife waded out with the little ones, and then the major poled the house into deep water and let it drift. Mrs. Buckhinge and the children sat in the parlor looking back at the dim Nebraska shore and the old red topped school house, while the major stood in the back door of the kitchen and kept his eye on the great and growing state of Iowa, to which his farm had been taken by the river. "Wherever the durn house ttles I'm a'going to settle," he said "for I'm drifting just as my property did, and I'm bound to strike the same place."

In an hour the house grounded on a point which had been newly made by the river. The major ordered his household to forage, while he hustled around for horses Before night the house was hauled high and dry, and the major marked off with stakes the amount of land which he considered was his own. Then he had his farming implements brought over, and in a little while erected a good stout fence around his way farm. The major got out his rifle and declared that he was prepared to defend his properly against all comers

During the winter the major made friends with his neighbors, and swore that of all the states in the Union Iowa was the idol of his heart. He worked his way into the village Sunday school and told the scholars to beware of the evil one and to vote the republican ticket always. He was elected as an elder in the church, and on the strength of that borrowed seed for next year's crop. In the spring the major worked hard. He plowed up his land, sowed his early crop, and got things in good shape.

A lawyer came down from Omaha in
May and hunted for the major. The two

met in the village.
"Are you Mr. Buckhinge?" asked the

"I am," said the major.
"Well, I learn that you have squatted upon some land owned by one of my clients." "Oh, you have, have you?" The major became freezingly polite. A little party of church triends who were with him drew away.
"Yes, I have; and what's more, I now

hand you a notice to quit."

The major crumbled up the bit of white stamped upon it. "I'm a man of peace and have a deep religious feeling," he said, "but, durn my eyes, if I ketch you around my house I'll fill you so full of lead that it'll take two

horses to draw your hearse. Then they parted. The major went home and cleaned his rifle. After the family prayers his wife sat up until midnight moulding bullets, while he himself sharpened the old ax on the grindstone. In the morning two marshals came out to the farm and ordered the Buckhinge fam-ily to leave. The major got out his rifle, but before he could make a move he was thrown on his back and disarmed. Then he was handcuffed and taken away to jail. Mrs. Buckhinge vowed that she would be true to her husband, and she made a loophole in the door of the house and when the marshals came back she back the marshais came back said that she would die rather than give ab her home. The marshals retreated, but in the afternoon came back and opened fire on the house with rifles. The poor mother at last crept out of the house with her children and wandered away half

Kind neighbors fed the family for a while, and the major was at last set free when he promised that he would abandon the farm. The first thing he did was to hire horses and haul the old home up the shallows until he had taken it far enough to float over to the thirty feet of the old farm which the Missouri had spared. The house was dragged up to its old foundation.

As there was no farm left, the major told his family to take care of the house until he came back. When he started away to search for a living the major cried for the first time in his life. He carned a little money here and there at odd jobs, and sent all he could to his wife and children. All last winter he worked in St. Joe, heart hungry for home, but afraid to go back to the farm house lest he might lose a dollar and thus deprive the children of some little comfort or

One morning last spring he got this letter: Dear Husband: Come home at once Let nothing delay you. Your wife

With a quaking heart the major burried back to his farm house with his rifle slung over his shoulder. What was his surprise to find that the Missouri had changed its course a half mile above and had washed the old farm back again, with an addition of twenty acres. The neighbors had joined together to surprise the absent man. They contributed seed, plowed the land and sowed the early crop.

The major wept as he embraced his little wife, and then he knelt down and offered up a thankful prayer. On the next day he became a democrat, and now lives a life of contentment and true

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J. L. Estes, Burneyville, Chickasa Nation, Indian Territory, writes: "I have to thank Alicock's Porous Plasters for saving the life of my wife; she was attacked with pneumonia which commenced with a violent chill, great coughing and high fever. I could not get a doctor, but fortunately had a box of Allcock's Porous Plasters in the house: I placed one between her breasts, one on each shoulder-blade, and one on the small of her back. In two hours her cough almost ceased and was very loose; in four hours she broke into a profuse perspiration. The next day, though very weak, she was free from fever, and the third day was quite well. I also cured my child of diphtheretic sore throat, by wrapping the neck in an Allcock's Porous Plaster.

The citizens of Augusta, Ga., are talking about resorting to force to drive the Chinese out of the town. It has long been the headquarters of Chinese immi gration south, and there are hundreds there; and many new arrivals and the promise of more seem likely to result in a decided anti-Chinese movement.

ALL HOUSEKEEPERS should use JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE in their washing and save time and labor. It may be used without injury to the finest fabric As a cleanser it is unsurpassed. For sale by grocers.

The usual story of the remarkable travels of a pin is at hand. This time the scene is laid in Newton, Iowa, where thirteen years ago Mrs. Cyrus Gage dropped a pin in her ear. The pin in due course of time dropped into her throat and was swallowed. The other day a doctor took it out of her left leg near the

The people of Connecticut, when they invest their money, expect a return. An audience at Ansonia recently sat until midnight waiting for the coming of Theodore Thomas' orchestra, detained on their way. The concert then proceeded, and closed at 2 a. m.



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The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm producing the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup and whooping-cough. When combined with the bealing nucleaginous principle in the multen plant of the old fields, presents in TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMENTY OF SWEET GUM AND MULTER THE ALTON TO COUGHS. Croup, Whooping-cough and consumption; and so palse any time is received to take it. Ask your largers for it. Price Eagle 10.

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Notice is bereby given that scaled proposals
for the construction of a court house in the
public square, York, York county, Nebraska,
(the cost of which is not to exceed the sum of
\$50,000, will be received at the county clerk's
office, on or before April 25th, 1886, at 1 o clock,
p. m. Said court house to be built according to
plans and specifications on file in the county
clerk's office, York county, or at the office of
O. H. Placy, No. 131 South Eleventh St. Lincoln,
Nebraska, on and after March 24th, 1885.

The party to whom the contract may be
awarded will be required to give bond in double
the amount of the contract price; conditioned
for the faithful performance of his obligation,
said bond to be approved by the county board.
The board reserve the right to reject any or
all bids.

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